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*Vol. VIII.*

*OCTOBER 1873.*

*No. 2.*

# THE OWL

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DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT;

*EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.*



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# THE OWL.

*Vol. VIII.*

*OCTOBER, 1873.*

*No. 2.*

## THE STATESMAN'S DREAM.

(W. P. VEUVE, Mental Philosophy.)

**B**LAZONED high amid the records of the pillared dome of Fame,  
With a lustre ever brightening, shines my praised my honored name.  
Far and wide my deeds are sounded, in the hearty Saxon tongue;  
Thousands for my beck have waited, thousands on my accents hung.  
Fortune's favor on me showers all the gifts my soul can crave:  
Wealth is mine: more never miser hoarded yet in secret cave.  
Friends surround me, strong in numbers, true in faith as tempered steel;  
Ready, or with hand or fortune, to bestir them for my weal.

Think'st thou then, O gentle stranger, that my lot must happy be?  
Nay, but list, the while I tell thee of a dream that haunted me!  
'Twas a fair autumnal evening, not so very long ago;  
Ah! distinctly I remember how the shadows 'gan to grow.  
'Twas an evening dim yet lovely—lovely with the waning light—  
Earth and sky, in silence longing, waited for the clasp of Night.  
O'er me crept, with mystic power, holy soul-refreshing sleep,  
Folding all my cares and honors in her mantle dark and deep.  
Banished, vanished, gone, forgotten darksome earth and purple sky;  
And the eastward-tending shadows met no more my listless eye.

Once again my youth is on me; and I roam in buoyant mood,  
From my father's vine-clad cottage to the shelter of the wood;  
And I seek the rugged footpath, and I climb the lofty hill,  
And I rest me on its summit, where the sunshine sleeps so still.



Thence with straining eyes out-gazing leagues and leagues away I view,  
 Heaving in perpetual motion, ocean's wide expanse of blue;  
 Hear, or seem to hear, the murmur of its cadence on the sand,  
 Ebbing, flowing; flowing, ebbing; ordered by a mighty Hand.

Yet again, at dawn's first glimmer, while Aurora scarce is seen,  
 As she leaves, in sweet confusion, Tithon's couch, of saffron sheen,  
 Off I hie, a happy angler, to yon rippling, eddying brook,  
 Bowered among the loving willows which toward it ever look;  
 Thrust aside the dew-clad brambles with impatient, reckless hand;  
 Trample down the half-oped flowers; on the mossy margin stand.

See! Beneath me, in the shadows of the dreamy pool below,  
 Glide the happy living creatures hither, thither, to and fro:  
 There I stand, in hope unfailing, firm and upright as a church;  
 And I land the trout and grayling; and I cheat the chub and perch.  
 There I lurk, behind the willows, luring still the finny tribe;  
 Baited hook my only weapon, wriggling worm my only bribe.

Back my happy path retracing, wrapt in joyous reverie,  
 Homeward now at length I wander, where my loved ones wait for me:  
 Where, around the ingle gathered, as the darkness deeper grows,  
 Father, mother, sister brother, ere they part to seek repose,  
 Kneel before the Cross of Jesus, lift their hands in holy prayer,  
 Seek for grace to flee from evil, strength to break the tempter's snare.  
 Then, the orisons concluded, at our mother's fond behest,  
 With the kiss of pure affection, we betake us to our rest.

Such the vision fancy painted when the creeping shadows fell;  
 Such the dream of distant childhood, which my tongue was fain to tell.  
 'Twas a sweet unsullied picture, like a glimpse of Paradise;  
 Not a cloud to dim the azure of its pure and tranquil skies.

O how happy was that homestead! Sin nor sorrow entered there:  
 O'er it hovered—heavenly guardians!—Peace and Love and holy Prayer.  
 Give me back the calm enjoyments of the distant days of yore,  
 And, like rain upon the prairie, all my wealth I will outpour.  
 Honors, titles, riches, power, *all* right freely would I give,  
 Once again those blissful hours of my child-life, might I live.

Wouldst thou, stranger, that the tempest of thy life were calmed and  
 stilled?—  
 That a sweet and holy sunset should thy dying moments gild?  
 Scorn the lures of false ambition; shun the joys that earthward tend;  
 And *the peace that passeth knowledge* shall befit thee for thine end.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A STRONG-MINDED KITTEN ;

## A STORY OF CALIFORNIAN LIFE.

(BY J. P. ROWE.)

CHAPTER III.—*The Sleeping Partner.*

“LET’S come out and play hide-and-seek !” said Prairie Dog one day to Kitty.

“How do you do it ?” asked Kitty.

“Oh ! you just go and sit on that knoll, so ;”—and Prairie dog sat up on his hind legs, and letting his front paws hang down by his side, steadfastly looked at the sky ;—“and while you are sitting that way, I go and hide ; and when I call ‘Yapp ! Yapp !’ you come and ferret me out.”

“All that is very easy to do.” cried Kitty, whisking playfully up the knoll, and attempting to sit like Prairie Dog. Up she went on her hind-legs, and down she came, quicker than she went up ; up she went again, and down she came quicker than before ; up she went the third time, and came rolling down the knoll on top of Prairie Dog, who was nearly killing himself with laughter. Kitty was in a terrible rage, and hissed at him furiously, but he laughed all the more.

“Ah, Kitty,” cried, he, “nothing can be learnt at once ! It takes time

and practice, even to learn to sit upright. But suppose we try the game of summersault. The point of it is, you know, to see which of us can tumble head over heels the oftenest without stopping.” And over went Prairie Dog, three or four times, as neatly as possible !

“Oh, I can do that, at all events !” cried our conceited Puss ; and she tried, as a first move, to stand on her head ; but came down in a little fat bundle on the ground.

“Try again !” shouted Prairie Dog, fairly shrieking with laughter. Pussy tried again, but doubled her spine up so, that she called out her back was broken.

“One cannot even stand on one’s head without practice,” remarked Prairie Dog “but courage, Kitty ! In a month’s time you will be able to do all I can do in the way of exercise, if you will only practise hard enough.” And it was as he said.

But Kitty soon began to find that life was very monotonous at Prairie Dog Town. She had learned all Prairie Dog’s tricks, and could hunt

as well as Sir Owl himself; and she longed for some fresh excitement. She wanted greatly, for instance, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Rattlesnake; for she felt quite piqued at his insensibility to her attractions. She did not believe he was dangerous; not a bit of it! A poor simple creature like that could not do any harm! Where were his claws, to scratch; or his teeth, to bite? He did not seem even to have a mouth; only a head, without eyes or ears.

Now, as if they divined what was passing in her mind, Sir Owl and Prairie Dog never left Kitty alone in the house. When Prairie Dog was out, Sir Owl was at home; and when Sir Owl was out, Prairie Dog was in.

It so happened, however, that one night Sir Owl had to attend a funeral, and staid away in the house of mourning far into the next day; and Prairie Dog, that very day, was obliged to go to a political meeting which had been called to consider the best means of securing the settlement against further coyote inroads. So Kitty was in high glee; for now was the time for an experiment on Mr. Rattlesnake.

Now Rattlesnake lay in a corner, all by himself, with his long body tucked up in round folds; to all appearance, fast asleep; and Kitty, having stolen up to his side on her velvet paws, began wondering what would be the best way to awake him. She laid one little paw on his shining skin; but he did not seem to feel it. Then she gently nibbled his tail; but he didn't mind that either.

"Strange person!" said Kitty to herself. "How hard and horny his

tail is! If I had such a tail, I think Sir Owl might nip it right off, for all I'd care. Dear me!" said she, as she rubbed herself against the shiny snake-coils, "Surely the creature is dead! He feels so cold and clammy! What can I do to warm him into life?

"*I know!*" she cried suddenly; and at the word, up went her little paw into the air, and then down it came again, with a sharp blow on the side of Rattlesnake's head.

In a moment, he was wide awake, and standing on his tail—which rattled like a box full of bones—with his mouth wide open, and his hideous forked tongue darting in and out; whilst he hissed all the time just like boiling water.

Kitty saw he *had* a mouth; and that was enough for her: so without waiting to see any more of him, she sprang out of the hole, and raced for dear life over the prairie. On and on she went, thinking that the dreadful snake was after her; nor did she stop to take breath or look behind her, till she reached a certain hillock whereon was a tree, up which she frantically climbed; and then, looking around, she took a view of her situation.

Alack, and well-a-day! She had run herself into an entirely strange country! There was no living creature near; and the whole face of nature was changed. Instead of level prairies were low hillocks, covered with stunted trees, among the branches of one of which now sat our disconsolate Pussy.

There never was such a repentant Kitty on the top of a tree before.

"If I were only at home with Moth-



er Tabby," she cried, "I never would stir out again. Oh, to *think* of the sweet milk I had to drink, and the tender meat I had to eat! And here I am, on the top of a tree, hungry and thirsty, and with nothing either to eat or to drink." And she lifted up her voice and mewed, "*What shall I do? What shall I do?*"

There she sat mewing, till night spread her dark mantle over the earth; and then matters grew worse, for a horrid coyote, attracted by her voice, came and sat under the tree, and serenaded her.

If this repulsive individual had no other virtues, he at least possessed that of patience; for there he remain-

ed all night, with his great fiery eyes fixed upon her; while she clung with all her strength to a limb of the tree, lest, fascinated by terror, she should drop into his grinning jaws.

I ask my young readers, do they think there ever was such a miserable kitten on the top of a tree before?

At length came morning; and that nasty coyote, sneaking off, went to hide himself from the bright sun; for he was so ashamed of himself—and very naturally so—that he never came out in the day time. And then Pussy, fairly exhausted with trouble and traveling, lay down at the foot of the tree and fell into a sound sleep.

#### CHAPTER IV.—*A New Friendship.*

How LONG our heroine slept she did not know; but when she awoke, the sun was low in the heavens; and she at once started up and hurried on her way, lest she should have to spend another night in that lonely tree-top.

By and by she came upon a little shanty, standing all alone upon the rolling prairie; and finding the door open she walked in.

There she beheld a two-legged creature on a four-legged chair, which was tilted up against the wall. The two-legged being had some thing black, with a broad brim, on his head; and very long hairs grew out of his chin; while from his mouth hung a long stick with a knob at the end of it; out of which

came a disagreeable smoke.

Kitty recognized in this animal one of a species called *man*; whose great pleasure in life seemed to be, the minding of every body's business but their own. It was a family of this species that took care of Mother Tabby, and were always interfering with the cows and other animals on their premises. They seemed, as I have said, to mind every body's business but their own; and the consequence was that while all the other animals about Kitty's birth-place were dressed in nice soft sleek coats of skin, or fur, or feathers, the poor human creatures that took care of them went about with disheveled hair, and clothed in old rags.

Nevertheless there certainly was

something very loveable about them. So when Kitty saw the long two-legged animal tilted up against the wall, and smelt that disagreeable smoke, the picture and the smell so called to her mind the father of the family which used to take care of Mother Tabby, that Kitty at once went up and rubbed herself against his legs. He looked down, to see what little ball of fur was rubbing itself against him, and gave a shout of joy when he perceived Kitty.

"Oh, my little pussy!" cried he, catching her up in his arms, "I have not seen the like of you since I left my New England home! Why you are the exact image of sister Mary's kitten!" And then two hot tears fell on Pussie's back, scalding her spinal marrow and sending a tingling sensation into the uttermost tip of her tail. "When I look at you," he continued, stroking her fur as he spoke, "the picture of my pleasant home rises before me. There are father and mother, each in a rocking chair, at either side the chimney corner, and sister Mary on a low stool between them, darning stockings, Kitty asleep on her lap!" And the hot tears fell so fast on Pussie's back that she was obliged to call out "Mew!"

"Oh, my little darling," he cried, "you are hungry and thirsty! What a thoughtless fellow I am, not to have provided for you before this!" And he brought her milk in one little saucer, and meat in another; and *didn't* she have a good meal? "You bet," she did.

Then he took a little basket, just large enough to hold his newly-found

treasure, and lining it with a buffalo skin, put Kitty therein. And didn't she have a nice sleep? Oh yes! And didn't she dream of home? Oh no! She slept so soundly that she did not dream of anything at all.

Next morning, Kitty sat up, resting her two little front paws on the rim of the basket, and her little chin on her paws, and watched the two-legged animal make breakfast. He put a spider on a small stove, and tumbled a number of things helter-skelter into it; and soon there arose a most relishable odor. Then he put a nice little tit-bit on a cracked plate for Pussy; but he helped *himself* straight out of the spider.

"Why he loves me better than himself," thought the conceited young Puss, "for he gives me the plate and he eats out of the spider!"

Oh, you silly little kitten! 'Twas for the sake of his sister Mary, who loved pussy-cats so much, that he was so kind to you! Pray don't set it down to your *own* attractions!

When breakfast was over, the two-legged animal went out, shutting the door carefully behind him; and Kitty, leaping up to the window, saw him ride off on a big brown four-legged creature, and flourish a short stick as he went, which had a very long tail to it.

Presently he returned, driving before him another four-legged animal, of a different shape from the first, with horns on her head. By her side, too, ran a small counterpart of herself, skipping and dancing joyfully. Kitty saw the biped milk the quadruped and turn her loose once more. Then, after fussing about for



some time, and doing all sorts of odd things, he finally rode off, and was gone all day.

"I wonder what he keeps me locked up for!" cried she, whisking about in a great state of excitement. "I stand up for the rights of kittens to go out in the world as much as ever they like; and I won't be treated in this manner. Humpty! Dumpty! I'll show him I can take care of myself!" and—*Slap! Bang!*—there she was again, out on the prairie, with a deep gash in her side, caused by going through the glass window!

The next thing of which she was conscious was that she was in the buffalo-skin basket, covered all over with strips of something that felt very soft, and stuck to her a good deal tighter than her skin. Her master was standing over her, and calling her "a naughty little papoose."

"I don't know what a papoose is," mewed Kitty, "but if it's anything like me as I am at present, it must be a very homely little thing, and a very uncomfortable little thing too." For the fact was, the two-legged being had very considerably covered her with some sticking-plaster which his mother had inserted among his clothes when she was packing them up for him. The good old lady thought it might possibly be useful to her son; never reckoning upon its being used up on a wretched little "strong-minded kitten." Pussy was soon well again; and when the plaster had all peeled off was as nimble as ever.

Nothing could equal the kindness of the great bearded owner of the shanty to Kitty. He gave her the

very best of all he had, and indeed petted her so that she became more conceited than ever.

And what did she do in return for all his kindness? Why she sat on his knee, of evenings, and sang him a pretty little home song, called "*Purr-purr*"

I do not know why she never treated him to that opera melody with she had once charmed Mr. Coyote; but I am sure that that little old fashioned *purr-purr* song was much more beautiful.

While she sang, he smoked; and sometimes the smoke went down her throat, and rather interfered with her singing. But when this happened she would just give her head a little shake, and then go on as before; for she knew what was expected of her.

I am sorry to say, however, that nothing seemed to cure Pussy of her roving propensities. So, finding that her master kept her most relentlessly a prisoner, she—like other prisoners of whom I have heard—set her wits to work to find a means of exit.

Among other things she investigated the *stove*, and was nearly being baked alive for her pains. For while she was examining the oven, her master came home, and remarking that the oven door was open, shut it up and proceeded to light the fire. He was soon astonished by most terrific yells which seemed to come from the interior of the oven; and never guessing who was the real author of the noise, but thinking, of course, that it must be some kind of wild animal, opened the door cautiously with one hand, while in the other he held a big stick, which he brought



down with a sounding *whack* on the back of the unknown offender as it leaped out; and great indeed was his sorrow when he discovered that he had nearly broken poor Kitty's back!

The patience of this two-legged

creature was, many times, sorely tried by Pussie's pranks; but, strange to say, he loved her all the more for them. Men are such fools! With which sentiment I will end the present chapter.

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#### CHAPTER V.—*Dangerous Company.*

Now one day it happened that Pussy stole out of the door just as her master was going out for the day; and he, good man, thinking his pussy-cat was safe inside, locked the door.

She hid in the prairie grass till he was out of sight; and then, bent on having a good time, was practising some of the tricks Prairie Dog had taught her, when she heard a strange rumbling noise which shook the very ground, so that poor Kitty was frightened out of her wits, and began to mew, "Earthquake! Earthquake!"

Then appeared a crowd of black monsters, with enormous horns and great heads covered with hair, who came thundering up, tossing these said heads as if they wished to get rid of them; and, in a moment, they had surrounded Kitty.

Some sniffed at her, some kicked at her, some jumped over her; but one big fellow just raised her on his horns, and sent her spinning up so high that she thought she was going to heaven, and did not like the idea at all.

However, she soon found out her mistake; for she came down again with such a *thud* to the earth, that she quite lost her senses, fancying that some unkind fairy had suddenly turned her into a batter pudding!

She cried so piteously that her master, who just then came back for his rifle, discovered her whereabouts; and taking her up carefully examined the extent of her injuries. He found she had two broken legs; but was greatly puzzled to know, firstly, how she got them, and secondly, how she managed to escape from the house. He began to think she had a genius for getting into scrapes.

"Foolish little thing," he exclaimed, "you have broken your two fore-legs! I must make you some wooden ones."

And so he did; and fastened them on so deftly that Kitty went about for some time on a pair of very neat crutches, which answered their purpose so effectually that she was soon as well as ever. And though she never recovered her beauty—for that scar on her side always remained

bald, and her two wounded legs had, ever after, a very crooked appearance—still her master loved her quite as much as before; and she was just about as comfortable, if not as happy, as she could be.

One day, having by some means managed to procure her liberty, she seated herself on the roof, to enjoy the view, when there came plunging along in a wild stampede, a herd of the hump-backed creatures which had formerly done her so much injury.

The biggest and strongest were foremost, the females and young in the middle, and the old males behind. And after them came a crowd of grey-coated wolves, leaping and howling.

How it happened Kitty could not tell; but one buffalo was separated from the rest, and immediately surrounded by his enemies: And now commenced a fearful death-dance.

The infuriated beast was chased round and round a circle, by a pack of five or six of his relentless foes; while the others sat on their haunches with their noses in the air, bawling out a funeral chorus.

Once he made a lunge at one of these chanting hypocrites, and upset him; but the crowd at his heels, with short quick snaps, attacked his heaving sides, thus recalling his attention to themselves and keeping him within the circle.

At last they seemed to tire, and allowed him to break away towards the house; but as he neared it, five or six fresh wolves who had been lying in ambush, rushed out and drove him back; and Pussy who, feeling quite safe in her elevated posi-

tion, soon became an interested spectator of the affair, saw that this was a part of the battle, which was so arranged that all should take their share in it and none be over fatigued.

Thus the victim was kept running around till he dropped from exhaustion; when his enemies closed in upon him and soon ended his agony, and with it their own hunger.

Coming home in the evening with an antelope over his shoulder, the master saw a fresh heap of bones not far from his door.

He knew very well what it meant; so, without going inside, he lighted a fire, and proceeded to roast half of the antelope, which he then tied to a rope and drew round in a circular trail on the ground. In this trail he stuck little upright pieces of wood, to which he fixed bits of raw antelope meat, covered with lard and strychnine. In the centre of the circle, upon a large pole, he fastened the roasted half of the antelope, and then came indoors.

In the middle of the night there was a great noise, and Kitty leaping up, and running with true feminine curiosity to the window, saw a dreadful sight.

The wolves were all back again! They had taken the pieces of flesh from the sticks, and were now collected round the pole, and with wild springs were attempting to reach the food on the top of it.

The gaunt hungry creatures! How they did bark and howl! The short bark and the long howl made a dreadful kind of music in the still moonlit air.

Presently one stopped barking; his



limbs quivered; he gave a convulsive jump; and then all at once he fell down dead.

This happened afterwards to them all; and in the morning the smiling hunter counted thirteen wolf-skins. "Enough," cried he, "to make a sleigh-robe for little sister Mary!"

All this, and much else, afforded Kitty considerable excitement; but still she was not happy.

You see, she had no one to play with! The master was too big—too

far above her, every way—for playing purposes. Even the sedate little owl, of Prairie-Dog Town, would have been more companionable.

Our Pussy, notwithstanding such occasional episodes of excitement as those which have been mentioned, could not bear this dreary, comfortable, solemn life for long; and I am sorry to say she was even thinking of running away from her kind guardian—when she was saved the trouble in a very unexpected manner.

*(To be continued.)*

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## TWO STEPS BACKWARDS.

(PROFESSOR H. DANCE.)

IN the midst of the general self-laudation for which the people of "this enlightened age" are so distinguished, and by which even Catholics are often deceived into thinking it really progressive, certain ominous facts present themselves which demand the attention of thinking men.

The very first, perhaps, which strikes the eye of the observant Catholic is this:—that large numbers of men of the highest intellectual endowments—men who are considered, in their respective lines, the

leaders of modern thought—seem not merely to be ignorant of the fact that they labor under the wildest delusions, but even to glory in those delusions.

We who bask in the supernatural light which is the exclusive privilege of the true Church, have been warned of all this by the Holy Father. But even if we suffered ourselves to become forgetful of the Pontiff's warning, our adversaries would recall it to our minds: for they never let the subject rest. They evidently regard



it as a sort of triumph for the enemies of the Faith, that the Pope should have declared himself in discord with "modern civilization." "Modern civilization," whatever that vague entity may be, seems indeed to be the Antipope to whom (so to speak) all non-Catholics bow down. From anything which "modern civilization" sanctions they dare not dissent. Whatever "modern civilization" condemns or is supposed to condemn, that they religiously disbelieve. And when the Holy Father deliberately refuses to put himself into the hands of these self-constituted champions of "modern civilization," they raise a kind of triumphant war-whoop, over the fact; as though the Catholic Church and its chief bishop speaking on its behalf were thereby self-condemned.

Let us therefore enquire a little into this terrible bug-bear, "modern civilization" or "modern progress;" for to either name it answers. The subject is far too wide to be treated within the limits of an *OWL* article; nor shall we attempt the treatment of it, as a whole. But a few straws may be occasionally noticed floating on the broad surface of the stream, which show plainly enough the course of its current; a few feathers may be seen in the air, which tell us the way of the wind; a few footmarks are visible from time to time on the fleeting sands of the nineteenth century, which afford to the careful observer pretty good evidence of the direction which nineteenth-century footsteps are taking. Let us then note just a couple of these foot-prints of "progress;" and if we find them, as I venture to

say we shall, to be "*two steps backwards*," we shall be able to account readily enough for the Church's refusal to take them.

The first instance of this *backward progress* which I shall mention, is one with which we on this side of the Atlantic are familiar; owing to the recent visit with which we have been honored by England's greatest scientist, Professor John Tyndall of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. He affords us a crucial example of a nineteenth century philosopher; for he is the type of many others, both present and future; men to whom the voice of the Catholic Church is a strange unmeaning sound, or if not unmeaning, hateful. What care such minds as Tyndall's for Catholic or even for Christian truth? So little care they that they will not take the trouble to comprehend what it is. So encased are they in prejudice that like Tennyson's "Knight of the Evening Star," they may lose in the encounter with some Catholic *Gareth* large pieces of their armour, in one place and other, and their tightly fitting skin of hardened prejudice will yet remain absolutely impervious to the Christian sword. Unless, by the wonderful grace and Providence of God, they be "beaten down upon their knees"—as they have been once and again—they will never submit.

The truth is that these great infidel scientists, who throughout their career have devoted themselves exclusively to physics, ought to keep to their physics still, and not venture into what is, to them, the "shade-land" of theology. With regard to questions of heat and light, we sit humbly

at Professor Tyndall's feet; we acknowledge him in his own province, a master. But the very bent of mind towards material things, that makes him so great a physicist, has a tendency, unless corrected by the supernatural graces of the Catholic Church, to unfit him for the appreciation of that which is immaterial. It is only Catholic philosophers who can venture with safety to devote themselves to the study of material nature to the extent to which Professor Tyndall and (to give a Catholic instance) Father Secchi have done. And we fancy that Catholic philosophers are ready enough to recognize in what their safety lies; and however enthusiastic they may be in their study of the natural order, to make constant acts of faith in the supernatural.

It can be no matter for surprise therefore, to any thoughtful mind, that a man like Professor Tyndall should fail to believe so essentially supernatural a doctrine as that of *the efficacy of prayer*; against which he has made so many utterances of late, both in England and America.

There is little pleasure in ridiculing a great man for whom, as a physical philosopher, one feels strong intellectual reverence; but really this last step which Professor Tyndall has made in "progress backwards," and the way in which he has made it, seem to call for ridicule rather than for argument. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*" we may well say, even to this great scientist who so worthily occupies the chair of Faraday, and to whom—as to his illustrious predecessor—the present writer (himself an habitué of Albemarle Street) has often

listened with admiration.

It must be confessed however that the proposal of the enemies of prayer, of whose forces the learned professor is a ringleader, to establish what they call a "prayer-gauge," betrays so astounding an ignorance of the very nature of prayer, as to make it plain that the best thing the nineteenth century can do, is to go to school and learn its catechism. The notion of these wise-acres was to concentrate the prayers of as many believers as possible upon one point; say the recovery of all the patients in a given hospital, *and of them exclusively*: after which the percentage of cures in that hospital was to be compared with the percentage of cures in other hospitals for which prayers had not been offered, and the result of such comparison was to settle the question whether or not there is any efficacy in prayer. The whole idea so bristles with absurdities that the mere statement of it is its confutation. We need not therefore enter into particulars respecting it: especially as it is not our object, in these remarks, to show the almost self-evident falsehood of the anti-prayer theory; but merely to call the attention of our readers to the fact that it is deliberately put forth by the representative men of "modern civilization;" and that, avowedly, as a step in the *progress* of which they boast. We must go very far back indeed before we reach times in which men were so ignorant of God's nature as to be capable of thinking that He could literally be "brought to book;" debited or credited, according to the book-keeper's judgment, with the varying



at least that if they have, they did not intend it. We will assume that they have acted as pure and unselfish philosophers, imbued with the high and noble ideas of the nineteenth century; and that any improvement which they may have experienced in their external circumstances is no more than the just reward bestowed on them by a righteous Providence for—*murder*! We beg pardon; we should have said, for having “administered euthanasia.”

It will not be difficult, however, to think of cases in which one relative might be influenced to “administer euthanasia” to another, by motives not quite so lofty as those of our pure-minded parricides above mentioned. Although *they* never thought of their beloved parent’s property, but made away with him out of pure reverence and love; an evilly disposed son might be found, at some other time and place, who might be so much further advanced in the doctrines of “modern civilization” as to have shaken off that affection for *his* father which the others were old-fashioned enough to feel for theirs. Thinking—unlike them—more of the coming inheritance than of his father’s welfare, he might “administer euthanasia” at an earlier period than would be reckoned justifiable even by an advanced physician of the nineteenth century. Who shall draw the line between the one and the other? Can any such line be drawn?

Nay, even if it could, would it be worth while, from the Christian point of view, to draw it?

But we might prolong our imaginary examples indefinitely. It is time to end. Fathers, uncles, grandparents, benefactors, friends, we all of us are or may be. Let us just ask ourselves whether we would or would not wish our affectionate relatives, at present subjected to the old-fashioned superstitions of Christianity, to emancipate themselves from such notions, to adopt the enlightened and liberal theories of the nineteenth century, *and then to attend us on our death-beds.*

This is just the sort of point on which we may safely appeal to the traditional “plain man” of whom we hear so much, but who, “plain” as he may be, has not escaped scot-free from the delusions of modern “progress.” And we demand of him a “plain” straightforward answer. No shirking, sir! Remember your character. Confess that the cloven foot is sufficiently evident at last, and that the voice of the ancient Church is, after all, better worth hearing and obeying than that of “modern civilization”—a civilization which is so “enlightened” as to make murder a virtue, to destroy all confidence between man and man, and lastly to bar the unhappy world from appealing for relief even to God Himself. For who will pray to God, when he has been convinced by our modern scientists of the “inefficacy of prayer?”



## REVENGE.

(D. O. FURLONG, 1st Rhetoric.)

“**R**EVENGE is MINE :” thus hath He said,  
The Ruler of the quick and dead :  
And canst thou, mortal, be so bold  
Within *thy* breast revenge to hold ?

O fool ! Thine own worst foe thou art  
That nursest vengeance in thine heart ;  
Whose lurid flames mislead the soul,  
And turn her from her destined goal.

The knife may deal a traitor’s blow,  
The unseen bullet pierce the foe,  
And man may boast, with pride elate,  
The crime that sealed a brother’s fate.

Revengeful feet may spurn the slain,  
Or stalk the world in proud disdain ;  
Yet, should repentance touch the heart,  
Ah, then it seeks the better part !

Man’s noblest deed, in this brief life,  
Were thence to banish vengeful strife.  
This done, Hell’s power would straightway cease,  
And JESUS reign, the Prince of Peace.

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## THE SECRET OF THE OAK.

(HERMANN B. PEYTON, Mental Philosophy.)

DURING the latter part of last January, as many will no doubt but too vividly remember, a terrible storm swept over the North Eastern portion of the State of New York, doing much and varied damage to cultivated estates, and destroying acre upon acre of valuable timber.

Amongst others, my father's estate suffered very severely, and from the windows of the sturdy old mansion-house, which rocked to its very foundations with the violence of the wind, I beheld with awe many fine old trees, proud monarchs of a hundred winters, bending their lofty heads and falling, with crash after crash, to the earth.

For three long days did this terrible convulsion of nature continue; and when, at the end of that time, the storm-king ceased to rage, the whole country, for many a mile round, appeared as though it had been devastated by some barbarous and vindictive foe.

Impelled by an irresistible curiosity to see the whole extent of the damage, I left the house as soon as the weather would permit of my doing so, and bent my steps towards a grove of ancient trees whose age and decay had rendered them an easy

prey to the violence of the gale.

I was musing sadly upon the scene I beheld on every side of me, when suddenly my attention was attracted by the howling of a pet dog which had followed me from the house; and turning in his direction, I saw him standing at some distance from me, beside a fallen oak of immense size. Wondering at the unusual conduct of the animal, I ran to the spot; and you may imagine my surprise and consternation, when I beheld in the hollow heart of the tree—which had been laid open by the fall—a *ghastly skeleton*.

For some moments I was unable to collect my scattered faculties sufficiently to examine it; but when at length I did so, I easily perceived, firstly, that the remains were those of a man, and secondly that he had been a soldier at the time of his death. Nay, an *English* soldier, if some shreds of red cloth which clung to the fleshless limbs, a number of brass buttons stamped with a crown, and the barrel of an old fashioned army pistol, which was so rusted as to be with difficulty recognized, might be considered sufficient evidence of the fact.



A small pocket-knife, of which all the blades were broken, and a memorandum-book bound in tough leather, were lying close to the mouldering bones. Eagerly I seized and opened the little volume, Thanks to its endur-

ing cover, the leaves, although brown and mouldy, were nevertheless sufficiently uninjured to admit of my reading with perfect facility what was written upon them.

This was all the book contained:—

#### “MY JOURNAL.”

*November 12, 1755.*—I write; but God alone knows whether human eye will ever read these sentences. My name is Horace Dynevov Temple. My home is at Richmond, Virginia. I am a lieutenant in the —th Regiment of Foot, which formed part of the detachment of His Majesty's army, lately serving under Lieut.-Gen. Braddock.

Four months ago our troops fell into an ambush prepared for them by the French and Indians, and were butchered like so many sheep in a pen.

Our gallant commander, Gen. Braddock, fell during the early part of the day; and the men, who had unfortunately become aware of the fact, were seized with a panic, and fled.

I, with several of my companions, was taken prisoner by the Indians, by whom, after a long and tedious captivity, we were condemned to die. First they bound us from head to foot with thongs of buckskin. We were then thrown, like so many logs, at the foot of a tree, there to remain until they should think fit to apply the finishing touches to their bloody work.

A wise and just God will, I am sure, avenge the butchery of that day.

II

I shall not pause to relate the dreadful sufferings we were forced to undergo while in the hands of those merciless savages. Suffice it to say, that every species of torture which those devils could invent, and which was not calculated actually to snap the cords of life, was inflicted upon us. I prayed for death; but it came not. On the contrary, the savages seemed determined to inflict fewer tortures on me than on than on the rest; nay, they even fostered my life, forcing me to eat and drink, that I might suffer the more. Oh! how I cursed them for it!

The day before yesterday was a feast day among them; and on it we were doomed to burn at the stake. I was reserved, in accordance with their fiendish plan, to be the last victim, and meanwhile was bound so that I could not move a muscle. Two braves held me erect that I might witness the horrible sufferings of my comrades, as the fierce flames licked their naked limbs. So overcome was I with the horror of the scene, that I fainted away.

I was not suffered, however, to remain long unconscious; for the squaws speedily revived me with the points of their knives.

At length my turn had come! A

chief, stepping before me, spoke as follows, in the native tongue, with which I am slightly acquainted :—

“From the land of the rising sun, the pale-faced dogs have come to rob the red-men of their hunting grounds.

“They have burnt the wigwams of the people of Macheewah, and killed his young men.

“The great Manitou is angry. From the mountain tops he hurls his fire, and roars in the storm-winds for vengeance. I have spoken! The young man must die!”

A murmur of approbation ran through the dusky throng; and the chief, drawing his knife, severed my bonds, that my clothes might be removed.

I stood unfettered in the midst of the savages; and in an instant a ray of hope shot through my heart.

With a sudden movement I snatched a pistol—probably stolen from some dead soldier—from the belt of the chief, and discharged it full in his face. His followers, who had crowded around him, were literally bespattered with his brains; and taking advantage of the confusion which ensued, I broke through their ranks and made for a lake, whose shores were within a few yards of the village.

Once there, by dint of swimming under water for a considerable distance, and emerging under a willow-covered bank, I succeeded in making good my escape into the woods.

This morning I arrived at this tree, worn out with fatigue and hunger, having subsisted entirely on roots and berries, since my escape.

It looked easy enough to climb, and seemed to promise me a resting-

place in which I might sleep secure from all molestation. I therefore ascended it at once; and seeing a hollow place between two immense branches, which was apparently just fitted both in depth and width for my purpose, I swung myself into it without a moment's hesitation; when—O horror!—I sank down all at once to a distance of about eleven feet from the mouth of the hollow.

I am buried alive! I cannot write what I feel! It is cold and damp in this prison; and I am cold and hungry. O God, surely Thou wilt give me some means of escape!

*November 13.*—O man, man! if this should ever reach your eyes, pity me; for surely no mortal ever suffered as I do. O, would that I had been burnt at the stake, in preference to being here! This is death in life. It will drive me mad! To-day I broke all the blades in my little knife—a mother's gift—striving to cut through this cruel wood; but have made hardly any impression upon it. My mouth is parched and dry, my tongue swollen and rough for want of water. Hunger, too, tortures me terribly. If I had millions of guineas, I would give them all for the poorest bone that was ever thrown to a dog. I succeeded in sleeping a little last night, although with great difficulty, as my limbs are dreadfully cramped, from the necessity which is forced upon me of remaining in the same or nearly the same position for so long a time. And yet—O Heavens!—I have no prospect of relief. Here I must remain, every moment adding new tortures to my suffering body, until at length death comes to my



relief. And then—here I shall lie unburied; and time and air will bleach my bones.

*November 14.*—Last night was clear and frosty; and I watched the stars shining brightly through the opening at the top of this hollow. What a mockery, to my eyes, was their placid lustre! They seemed to laugh at my misery, and to rejoice in my despair. To-day I suffer most acutely from a succession of sharp, shooting pains in the loins and abdomen. I suppose they proceed from cold and want of nourishment. I slept little or none last night; so violent were the sufferings that my thirst inflicted on me. Every moment seems to increase my rabid desire for food and drink. I feel as if I could eat the most revolting substances. My limbs have shrunk to one half their former size; and I can distinctly trace the path of each blue vein under the transparent skin. Little more than skin and bone are my hands now; and they tremble so, that it is with infinite difficulty I am able to guide my pen. I was disturbed this morning by a slight rustling towards the top of this hollow, and casting my eyes upwards I beheld a large wood-rat running along its sides. What would I not have given for the flesh of that animal! I followed it with longing eyes till it disappeared through the opening; and when it was gone, a horrid thought entered my brain and chilled still more my despairing heart. *What if, when I am dead, this animal should return with its companions and feed upon my flesh?* I strove to banish this revolting fancy; for it was fearful to think

upon it. O my God, my God! How long will this continue?

*November 15.*—Can it be possible that an all-merciful God has forgotten me? Surely my sins do not merit such tortures as I now endure? My reason I fear is giving way. O God, at least spare me that! O my dead mother, pray for your son, that madness may not be added to his woe! Last night so morbid and yet so irresistible were my longings for food and drink, that I made an incision in my arm with the broken blade of my knife, and drank the blood as it flowed from the wound. The effect was disastrous. My weak and emaciated body, being robbed of part of its vital fluid, immediately succumbed, and I fell into a swoon which must have lasted many hours; for when I awoke, it was already past midday. I wonder if God would forgive me, should I end my life and free myself from these dreadful tortures! I feel so weak that I can write no more to-day. Who knows where I shall be to-morrow?

*November 16.*—I have just awakened from a long sleep; but instead of being in any way refreshed, I am weaker than ever. My dreams have been of luscious fruits, dainty viands, and limpid water. I thought I had been delivered from this grave, and was sitting before a table covered with delicate food. Just as I was about to eat, all was swept away; and I awoke. O the despair, the bitter disappointment, the unbearable agony of that awakening! My tongue is now so swollen that it almost entirely fills the cavity of my mouth; and the saliva has ceased entirely to

flow. The whole surface of my body is dry and hard, and my eyes, as I can feel with my hands, are sunken far into their sockets. I see clouds gathering in the sky; and the weather is growing colder and colder. Should it snow, I shall freeze to death, and thus perhaps cheat starvation of its prey. I beg the finder of this journal—should it ever be found—to have my bones buried beside those of my mother in the city of Richmond. Do this, kind friend, and the blessings of a dying man will fall upon you!

After making the above entry, I found an acorn upon the floor of the hollow. With what frenzied joy did I tear off the shell, and how ravenously did I chew the bitter kernel! Alas! it was in vain. My stomach was too weak to digest it, small though it was; and I was immediately forced into a series of violent yet fruitless efforts to vomit. My whole system is fearfully racked; and I feel that the end of this tragedy is now fast approaching.

*November 17.*—This is the sixth day that I have been without a morsel of food, or a drop of water! I wonder that I have been able to exist so long. The pains which have up to this time tortured me so severely, have now ceased; and the keen edge of my hunger and thirst have worn off. I have read somewhere that such symptoms are the usual forerunners of death by starvation. I hope that they may be so in my case, for I am reconciled to my fate, and commend my soul to God. My weakness has very considerably increased, and I am forced to pause after each word

which I write. The whole face of the heavens is black with clouds, and the winds whistle mournfully around the trunk and amongst the branches of this tree. Nature is chanting my requiem. The last act of this sad drama is about to finish. The curtain is ready to drop. O God, have mercy on my soul!

*November 18.*—*It is snowing; and I am freezing.* I can hardly keep my eyes open to add these few words. I am going fast, fast! I hear spirits singing in the heavens. They await my soul. My God! My God! receive me! Oh, my mother; my dear mother! I see you com——

Here the heartrending record abruptly ceased. The unfortunate man had seemingly been carried away while writing. I cannot describe the effect produced upon me by this adventure. It gave me a shock which I shall never forget as long as I live. I was just able, after reading the fearful record of his sufferings, to murmur a *requiescat in pace* for the dead of 117 years ago, and then to hurry home and acquaint my father with the discovery.

The bones of the poor fellow are now interred, according to his wishes, at Richmond; where, oftentimes, those who walk through the cemetery express surprise when they read, upon a head-stone of modern appearance, this inscription:—



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
**HORACE DYNEVOR TEMPLE,**  
 FORMERLY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,  
 A WORTHY SON AND A BRAVE SOLDIER.  
 OBIT NOV. 18, 1755.  
*REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*



## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

### A VISIT TO COLORADO CAÑON.

(MERVYN J. DONAHUE, Fourth English.)

**A**BOUT a year ago, I was on my way to New York with my mother and sister; when we happened to meet at Ogden a party of travellers with some of whom we were acquainted.

Mr. S——, who, as everybody knows, is one of the great railroad kings of America, was one of the number. He is President of the Pennsylvania Central, Texas Pacific and Kansas Pacific railroads. There were also many other persons of note, among whom were Mr. McM——, another great railroad man and an iron merchant to boot, and Mr. B——, an eminent artist from Europe, who took sketches from time to time along the route; besides a Senator and a Governor.

We were invited to join the party, and did so with much pleasure.

From Ogden we proceeded to Denver where we stopped all night.

The next morning we all started for Colorado City, with the exception of my mother who was too tired to

go further at that time, and chose to stay in Denver and rest herself

As we advanced further into the mountains, the scenery increased in beauty and grandeur, until it surpassed all that I had seen before.

On our right arose several small mountains, and beyond them towered Pike's Peak, The sun was then shining on its summit; and it was as much as the human eye could do to look at its majestic snow-covered top, rendered now wonderfully bright by the sun's rays.

On our left yawned a frightful chasm, many hundred feet in depth.

In about three hours we reached Colorado City, where we took some refreshments, and got ready for our expedition. Then, hiring some five or six vehicles, we started for the Cañon.

After riding five miles in sun and dust, we arrived at a cool and shady spot. Here we unhitched our horses; and having left a young man to take care of them, we continued our jour-

ney on foot.

Three of the party, myself among them, took the lead, and presently we came across an old hut, which the others were afraid to enter. I walked in, bent upon making discoveries, and found an old bearskin, which had probably been the couch of some trapper during the night. The smouldering ashes of a fire, and a few pieces of rude furniture, led to this conclusion.

I called in the others; but as they were entering some of the ladies uttered a scream, and fled precipitately towards the rest of the party. My sister however remained, wishing, doubtless, to be near me.

At first I felt a little frightened; for as I looked around my gaze fell upon two bright eyes which gleamed upon me from a distant corner of the hut. I pulled out my pistol immediately, took deliberate aim, and fired. Whereupon a *large owl* flew over my head, and out at the door.\*

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\* We have been afraid to raise any question as to the acceptance or rejection of this article. It may well be allowed us to feel a little nervous at living in close proximity to a gentleman who wages such unprovoked and ruthless war upon our race. But let him rest assured that we will not submit as tamely as did our unfortunate relative of Colorado. The OWL office is our castle; and we will not take flight therefrom, even should our blood-thirsty contributor, "take deliberate aim" with his revolver at our eyes. We give him notice that our printer is not only renowned for his strength and courage, but is familiar with every kind of weapon, and will at our first faint hoot, rush, ramping and roaring, to the rescue. It will be good for our contributor's health to keep away. Besides—we put it to him pointedly—why should he attack us? We have not *rejected* his effusion. We are a bird of peace.—[ED.]

I then found a candle, by the light of which I searched the corner, and found a half-eaten rat.

Leaving this hut we crossed a stream several times upon the trunks of trees, a feat which was somewhat difficult for the ladies to perform.

At last, however, we reached our destination, and that so unexpectedly that we were all very much surprised. On rounding a point we suddenly found ourselves in a large area shaped somewhat like a bowl, with a beautiful fall almost immediately overhead.

Here we staid some time admiring the grand scene, after which our guide asked us if we should like to take a view of the country. Of course we all said "yes;" whereupon he led us towards a rocky eminence which seemed to be about two or three hundred feet high. We had a good deal of trouble in ascending, owing to the nature of the road, which was covered with small red stones which kept giving way under our feet and causing us to slip back. However, we worked our way up with comparative ease, until we reached a certain place near the top, where the bank rose perpendicularly for five or six feet, and that so close to the edge of the cliff that it made one's blood chill to look over. However, we found niches in the cliff, in which we placed our feet; and with the help of the guide we surmounted the difficulty.

I was the first to go up; and what was my astonishment to see five more falls above the one we had already seen. They formed one of the grandest sights I had ever witnessed. First there was a large fall, then two



small ones, then another large one, and then a middling-sized one.

On the cliff where we now stood, we found a sort of metal something like copper. It was lying about in very small pieces, about the size of a grain, or a little larger.

After enjoying ourselves for a long time, we came down with considerably more ease than we had ascended, and drove back to our hotel, feeling that we had been well repaid for the trouble of the expedition.

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### AN OWLET WRITES A LETTER.

Nest, No. 58,  
The Full Moon of September, 1873.

*Dear Owlets of '73.*—The fledglings of '74 send you greeting.

We miss some of your faces this year; but we rejoice to see the majority of you winning distinction in a nobler nest.

We have been very eager to write to you all, but especially to the absent owlets; for we think that you, dear absent ones, are anxious to know how things are getting along in the old nest. We shall tell you.

The number of students this year is very large; and hence the owlets are very numerous. At first there were so many of us, that the nest could not contain them all; so the older ones had to fly away to higher regions; and those that had no feathers, or whose wings were weak—in a word, who had not sufficient strength to keep on the wing with the flock—were sent to a warmer nest, where they will remain till they can

do honor to No. 58.

The number of owlets remaining is the same as that of last year; namely, *forty*.

They are a promising body, and no one knows how much wisdom there is concealed in their heads, because no one has ever yet seen the inside of them.

Sometimes the answers of the owlets are so new, and full of wit, that they surprise Mr. —. He asked one to give the plural of *sheep*, and he gave "mutton." Another time, the same owlet said that *beef* was the plural of "ox;" and four owlets having been asked to write the plural of "phenomenon," one wrote *phenomenous*, another *phenomemo*, a third, *phenomenons*, a fourth *phenomenix*. Truly does not this show a wonderful variety of talent?

Most of our owlets keep very good order. The fact is, even though it

be one of themselves who asserts it, that they are good little fledglings, of whom nobody need be afraid; for they will not tear out his eyes while he is asleep, or scratch his face. They are very good; and I assure the whole world that it may sleep without fearing any harm from an owlet of the Fifth English.

Owlets are, by nature, dignified birds; and we of No. 58 have not degenerated. We love order, and we love those that keep good order. A remarkable instance of good order and gentlemanly conduct on the part of the boys of the First Division, was related to us the other day; and we hasten with pleasure to praise it. We think that the owlets of No. 58 will ever imitate such examples. The other night a Prefect of the Study Hall of the large boys, felt sick, and was obliged to leave the boys all alone. Well; I suppose you think they began to walk on their hands, and to play a thousand other tricks. No; they did not! Trusting in their

honor, the Prefect had left them alone: and hence they kept silence, and even better order than if the teacher had been there. Honor to whom honor is due. All honor then to those large boys! We owlets in a similar case shall try to act in the same noble and gentlemanly manner.

This year the owlets have played two match games at Base-ball. We won both matches.

We are studying very hard, too; and we hope to have some nice "echoes" for Father Owl; but when recreation time comes, we love to play. *Study well; play well; aye and pray well.* This is our motto. Thus we take care of body, mind and soul.

We hope some of the absent will write to us now and then; and we trust that we shall be able to write them a more interesting letter some future day. So good by! Don't forget the owlets of No. 58, who join in wishing you all much happiness and prosperity.

I remain very truly yours,

Owlet EDWARD AUZERAIS,  
Fifth English.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### OLD TIMES AT SANTA CLARA.

ONE of our recent additions—and we trust improvements—to this magazine, is the devotion of a part of our space to what are called “Personal Items;” by which we mean items relating to individual alumni of this College, who have left us, from time to time, to occupy positions of more or less prominence in the world.

We cherish the memory of our old students. We remember their many good qualities with pleasure and affection; and their few bad ones, if they had such—which we do not care to assert—we make a point of forgetting.

In many ways, we feel that they are with us yet. If it be true that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, it is surely a converse truth that the virtues of the fathers bring blessings upon the children. Nor, in order to realize this, is there any need that we should travel beyond the ordinary dispensations of Providence. It stands to reason that it must be so. And in like manner, surely, the virtues or vices of the former students of a college must necessarily have more or less influence on those who have succeeded them within the old academic walls, and who naturally look back to the old times with affectionate interest.

We trust that it will be a proof to them of that interest, that we reproduce, as we now do, one of the records of former days, which—we cannot but think—will prove entertaining to all Santa Clara men, whether old or new. It seems that in the year 1862, the celebration of Washington’s Birthday devolved specially and exclusively upon the *Philaethic Society*; and, if we may judge from the humorous and entertaining style in which we find that celebration described in the Society’s records, our old students of ’62 were fully equal in the extent of their attainments to those whose duty it is to uphold our reputation to-day.

Without further preface, we copy from the records of the *Philaethic Society*,

#### “A DESCRIPTION OF WASHINGTON’S BIRTHDAY, FEB. 22, 1862.”

The members of the *Philaethic Society* had looked forward with pleasing anticipations to the dawn of this auspicious day; for upon them had devolved the agreeable duty of heralding to an admiring audience, the virtues and patriotism of Washington.

A week previous to the 22d, the weather had been stormy and tempestuous; and each member had entertained in his heart a secret yet intense fear with regard to its future serenity. But when the eve of the eventful day arrived,

each heart glowed with satisfaction and delight; for the upward gaze detected no cloud to dim the lustre of the heavens. Former doubt gave place to present certainty; the desponding tread of a week ago, was now superseded by the elastic step of confidence; and each member, parchment in hand and head erect, trod the yard as if the concentrated gaze of millions were upon him.

But oh, the fallacy of human events!—the uncertainty of human felicity! When the morning dawned the sky was overcast. The lowering clouds hung thick and black in the western sky; and as they rolled eastward, mantling with gloom the azure expanse of the heavens, the rain descended with that cold, dull, damp monotony which renders despondency more cheerless than despair.

Thus all our high-flown hopes were dissipated—all our fond anticipations crumbled into dust! And yet the gloom was but momentary. Our youthful ardor, like the frosted grass, was chilled for a while; but it burst forth again with renewed vigor. What though the rain descend in torrents? Our attractions will make people disregard the tempest. What though the day be black and gloomy? The flashing fire of our eloquence will be more plainly visible.

Thus did the members of the Philalethic Society reason, after the first moments of despondency; and their reasoning was as worthless as their vanity was overweening.

The hour arrived, and the audience assembled. It was a motley crew of ostlers, school-boys, hotel-keepers, clerks and itinerant preachers. In front of all, however, bloomed one solitary flower—beautiful from its very loneliness. Her presence threw a lustre over the patriotic scene. And though she blushed all alone, unlike the rose of the desert, she was not “born to blush unseen.”

But the exercises open. Listen! San Juan’s favourite son is about to speak; and “Washington” is his theme. Attend! For Breen is skilled in “Homer’s sounding line,” and versed in Ciceronian eloquence. His oration is modeled after those of the ancients. His exordium is an apology for the meanness of his subject—his division, twofold, patriotism and Washington—his argumentation brilliantly metaphorical, and his peroration grandiloquently striking. A burst of applause greets his withdrawal from the stage.

Next followed Bowie, of Georgetown memory, skilled in the mystic harmonies of music. The “Sword of Washington” was the subject and poetry the garment of his theme. Well was that poetry written, and pathetically was it delivered. Three times the speaker drew his sword; and thrice three times he gave it to the assembled Congress. He was warmed by his subject. He pointed out the gray-haired Senators; he spoke of their “pallid cheeks,” their “weeping eyes;” he exemplified his ideas by gestures, and pointed to his own eyes in a manner that made his sympathizing audience tremble for their safety.



The next performance was a debate, conducted between Messrs. R. P. Seating and B. D. Murphy. How shall I find words to speak of this admirable contest of intellect? How give an adequate idea of the reply, assertion and retort; the quick transitions, the luminous thought, and the humorous sallies? Vain were the attempt; for antiquity never listened to such a brilliant debate, nor will posterity ever desire to hear it again.

The thunders of applause which followed the debate were hushed by the appearance of *Dufficy*—the same Dufficy who was born in the eminent city known as the Little Pride of the State, and vulgarly ycleped “Marysville.” “The Grave of Washington,” was his subject; and B. Keating the author who treated it. The theme was poetical, and “the numbered feet in easy measure came.” It filled the souls of all who heard it with rapture; and reason half regretted that man’s ideas ever assumed prosaic dress. But as for the speaker, his choked accents, his frightened looks, his straitened gestures and uneasy postures, almost led the audience to imagine that they actually beheld the sheeted spectre of the departed Washington.

Next followed Ball; and “Laughter” was the object of his verse. Well did he succeed. For if the audience did not laugh, at least they smiled; and if boisterous mirth did not reward his wit, neither was it chilled by choking sobs and cries.

The exercises of the day were concluded by a farce entitled, “The Correspondent,” *compiled* by James Hughes of San Francisco.

The Farce consisted of two scenes.

One was the opening, the other was the closing scene.

All the incidents of the plot were connected, and might have occurred in twenty-four hours.

The number of the characters was four; and the time consumed in performing the piece somewhat exceeded seven minutes.

The actors were exceedingly laughable and farcical.

It would be invidious to give the preference to any single individual; though I cannot help mentioning with praise, the names of Dufficy, Bowie, Boyle and James Hughes.

I know it would not be well to hazard an opinion on the merit of this farce, except after due deliberation. However, it may safely be said that it was, in its own way, a “little masterpiece.”

But there is an orator whom I have overlooked. Not on account of the diminutiveness of his person, or the insignificance of his oration; but owing to the treachery of my memory. His name is Henning, and he hails from Missouri State. His voice was low—subdued; his accent the Missouri twang. But if his voice was low and his intonation disagreeable, the harmony of his sentences, the solidity of his thoughts, and the graceful elegance of his expressions, made us lose sight of the orator, and listen in entranced delight to the composer. Literature will yet owe some of her beauties to his pen.

“B. D. M.”

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are indebted to the kindness of A. Waldteufel, Esq., of San Jose, for sundry periodicals which lie before us. One of them is our old friend the London *Lamp*, in an enlarged and improved form, which, under its new title of the *Illustrated Catholic Magazine* looks more attractive than ever. And the others are reprints, by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, of the well known English magazines, entitled respectively, "Good Words" and "Good Things." Though neither of them is Catholic, they are both good, and contain little which Catholics may not read with benefit.

The one objection to *Good Words* is its Presbyterian twist; the editor being the Rev. Donald McLeod, "one of Her Majesty's Chaplains," a son or brother (we forget which) of the late Rev. Norman McLeod, so well known in English literary circles. Both these gentlemen derived their title of "reverend" from the Presbyterian Kirk. It is fair, however, to say, that the tone of the magazine is high, and that it avoids fanaticism.

OUR contemporary the *Guardian*, hitherto the *Catholic Guardian*, of San Francisco, appears in a new and more convenient form, the size of its pages being considerably reduced, and the paper thus rendered much handier to peruse. We think its present size *exactly* right; and we congratulate our contemporary on the change. Its title too—like its pages—is improved by being abbreviated. The adjective "Catholic" is certainly not needed; for every one who takes it up can see at a glance, that *The Guardian* is a Catholic paper, and nothing but it. We wish it increasing success.

Nor, in so doing, do we consider that we are wishing any harm to our older contemporary the San Francisco *Monitor*, whose field of action is sufficiently distinct to allow plenty of scope for both. The OWL has never been and never will be connected with any particular nationality; but we are *Catholic*; and as such we cannot but rejoice that the noble Irish race, to which all Catholics on this continent owe so deep a debt of gratitude, should have a Catholic paper like the *Monitor* to uphold its cause. But for the *Monitor*, we suppose that Irish interests on this coast would be left to the advocacy of the irreligious or anti-religious journals which crop up from time to time among us, making it their boast to be both "Irish" and "National" *without being Catholic*. Long may it be ere the old Catholic nation submit, either here or in Europe, to be so *misrepresented* !



THE last number of the *Overland* is very good. Among other things it contains a short but interesting article on the English Language, for which it prophesies increased Latinization and universal predominance. The English language itself would suffer from the first, and the world from the last. And yet both prophecies may very probably be realized.

CATHOLIC exchanges seem, happily, to abound. The next on which we place our hand is our old friend the *Scholastic*, of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, which in its last number may truly be said to "take a high moral tone;" its two first articles being devoted respectively to attacks on smoking and drinking.

With regard to the former, which is written by "a lady," the first thing which strikes the reader is that, *lady like*, the fair authoress condemns the whole thing *in globo*, completely begging the question too. She speaks of the prevalence of "the vice;" but forgets to prove that it *is* a vice. A smoker, *as such*, is in her opinion chargeable with vice. She does not even hint at the existence of any moral difference between a slight or moderate smoker, and one who smokes to excess. Then comes the inevitable reference to the "fortune," compound interest and all, which a man saves by not smoking. We only wish it were true. The present writer has never smoked in his life, and ought therefore to be in possession of the fortune in question; of which he regrets to state, he has never seen anything. The fact of course is that one *doesn't* save it. That which the smoker spends in smoking, the non-smoker spends in something else, which may be better or which may be worse. However, the money of both disappears, as money will, "like smoke."

Let us not be misunderstood. We don't advocate even *a little* smoking. Indeed we dislike it, if we may venture, without egotism, to intrude our private opinion. But are there not sins enough in the world, O fair correspondent of the *Scholastic*, without your inventing more? Just think for a moment of all the good and learned men, both lay and clerical, both secular and religious, who solace themselves with an occasional cigar; and then venture to call it a "vice," if you can. *We* are not violating any duty by letting tobacco alone; and good smoking Christians recognize this, and do not inveigh against us. Can we not, nay ought we not, to treat them with the same consideration? What law do *they* violate?

The next article, on drinking, is much more to the purpose. Indeed if we might regard it, as directed merely against drinking to excess, we should agree with it altogether. But the dreamer is illogical. He forgets that moderation is possible; and having dreamt that he once got tipsy, refuses, with great solemnity of manner, ever to raise a glass of wine to his lips again. And this in a kind of *de haut en bas* way, which intimates unmistakably what he thinks of those who do. And so *another* new sin is invented!

For the rest, we can truly say that the perusal of our contemporary's pages gives us much pleasure. We see plainly therefrom the very great and growing work for God and His Church, which is being done by the good Fathers who conduct the University of Notre Dame.

We do not here refer to that University alone, though it would seem to be the head-quarters of their operations; but to the great activity which marks their labors in every direction. Their industrial School, remodeled and improved as it is about to be, promises incalculable good to those who may come within the scope of its influence. We should be pleased to receive a few of its circulars.

THE *Yale Courant*, of which the last two numbers are before us, confines itself so exclusively to local subjects that we are able to say but little about it this month, except that it seems to be afflicted with "Yale on the Brain,"—a disease which, however injurious it may be to the sufferer is, happily, not likely to spread.

In the two numbers referred to, there is but one article of general interest; and that one is on "Modern Novels," respecting which some sensible though not brilliant remarks are made, the conclusion arrived at being that young people should "keep clear of novels." We think this is putting the matter somewhat too strongly. We would rather say let young people read only *the very best* novels, and let them take the advice of their elders as to which *are* the best. To lay an embargo on novels altogether, seems to us very much like the policy which would preclude the young from all *social* amusements, because some such are harmful. Human nature has its light side as well as its serious one; and the fact should not be ignored. There are few mental relaxations so agreeable or so effectual as the perusal of *well written* fiction; and the benefit which may be derived from it is great and varied. But we cannot do justice to the subject here; for it would require a longer article than that of the *Courant*; and our space must be devoted to other things.

THE last number of the *Wabash Magazine* which has reached us, is that for July. It hails from Wabash College, Crawfordsville, In., of the Senior Class of which College—the "Class of '73"—it gives so elaborate, minute and extended a history that the number containing the details must be worth its weight in gold to such members of the softer sex as may be interested in the subject. Minute information, mental and physical, respecting each gentleman, is given—including for instance such points as the color of his hair and eyes. We wonder that thirty photographs did not accompany the letter-press.

The height of Mr. Ben Crane "who is first on our alphabet" is 5 ft. 10 in. His weight is 124 lbs. "Would he were fatter!" "He has dark brown hair and blue eyes, his face has more than a tinge of melancholy, and his movements do not show an overflowing degree of health."



Mr. P. C. Cronkhite is "aldermanic in his proportions," and has *also* brown hair and blue eyes.

Mr. J. A. Detchon "is 5 ft. 10 in. high, and has an avoirdupois of 150 lbs. "*What hair he has is light, and his eyes are a greenish blue.*" We must say we think it is rather hard on the gentleman to talk about him, by name, in this style. It makes one feel glad that one is not Mr. J. A. Detchon.

But then on the other hand how one envies "Harry Milligan, the baby of the Class. He is certainly a promising-looking baby; as he stands 6 feet high and weighs 180 lbs. He has curly black hair and whiskers, and black eyes, and is altogether a fine looking fellow."

Here is another gentleman who is evidently quite a character. "C. Del Whitehead was born in a log cabin in Licking County, O., about four miles from Pataskala, on the 21st of March, 1848. He has lived ever since in the same neighborhood. His height is 6 ft. 2 in., his weight 215 lbs. He sometimes runs over that; but that is his fighting weight. His eyes are blue; he has light hair; and his whiskers are the pride of the class. His abilities would have enabled him to take a front rank in his studies; but necessary and unnecessary absences, and attention directed to outside matters, have detracted somewhat from his scholarship. He has made his own way since he came to College, principally by shearing sheep"—(we beg our European readers to mark this)—"sawing wood, canvassing for books, or some other way. He is a favorite of the goddess Fortune, and seems to make everything he takes hold of pay. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Phi Delta Theta."

No fewer than twenty-seven pages of the *Wabash Magazine*, are devoted to the "Class History;" and we must admit that, queer as it is, it is by far the most interesting and characteristic article in the magazine. We have never seen anything like it elsewhere.

OUR contemporaries both Catholic and Protestant, are full of remarks upon the recent English pilgrimage, in honor of the Sacred Heart, to Paray le Monial; and some of them talk of an American pilgrimage to the same place as possible or probable.

It is not for us to venture an opinion as to the advisability of such action on the part of American Catholics. The matter rests in better hands than ours. But with regard to the English pilgrimage, which is already a thing of the past, and therefore a fit subject for comment, it may perhaps be permitted us to say that we regard it as a striking proof of the Catholic revival which is taking place in the old country, and by which America also has been more or less affected.

Since the influx of converts of a high class both intellectually and socially, the Catholic Church in England has assumed quite a different position there. Instead of being themselves pitied, as superstitious and ignorant, English Ca-

tholics, conscious of their vantage ground, pity and pray for the poor Anglicans who are still blunderingly groping their way towards the truth. Instead of showing timidity at the mention of their religion—as in the old days—the heart of every English Catholic now glows with pride and pleasure whenever Catholicity is named. And fearlessly and gladly indeed did the “English pilgrims”—(their very name carries us back to the days of old Chaucer)—set out upon their journey of faith.

The Protestant journals try to be witty about it, but their wit is more remarkable for ponderosity than keenness; and there is evidently a sense of puzzlement and discomfort behind it, which to the Catholic reader is far more amusing than the ostensibly “funny” thing. “Let those laugh that win.” says one of John Bull’s old proverbs; and, in England at any rate, Catholicism is certainly “winning.” A very few years ago, the idea of eight hundred Englishmen *en pelerinage*, with the badge of the Sacred Heart upon their breasts, would have been regarded as simply Utopian.

WE extract the following from a recent number of *College Days*, of Ripon, Wis. It forms part of a letter received by that journal from a correspondent at or near Washington, and will interest all those—and their name is Legion—who regard the education of our colored population as one of the vital questions of the day :—

“The pleasantest part of my winter, however, has been a stay of a month with a friend at Howard University. It is situated on a high hill just outside the city limits. The buildings are very fine indeed; and there are over three hundred negroes who are being educated. I cannot tell you how much interested I became in some of them. I went one day into the Cicero class, and heard an exceptionally fine recitation. The best scholar was as black as black could be, and not only black, but shiny, with flat nose, thick lips, and hair that grew out a little way and then went back in again. He was living on ten cents worth of cold food per day. One great six-footer over thirty years of age, came while I was there. He had walked over one hundred miles to save his car fare, and now digs ditches to pay his expenses. Opposite me every morning, was one of the brightest, happiest, and I might add, the handsomest faces I have ever seen. Every meal time his book was near his plate, but he would look up every now and then and make some quick remark or report which indicated an ample fund of knowledge and ready vein of humor.

But this gentleman—I use the word with due regard for its significance—sat up nights to earn money to defray his College expenses. One very lady-like girl goes down to the Treasury and scrubs for two hours every day, to earn money. I must tell you about the Chinese I met there. There were three of them. I became quite well acquainted with one, Mr. Funy Affor, of Canton. He came to this country three years ago, could not speak one word of English, but now speaks it well, writes a fine hand, has finished Arithmetic and Geography, and is now taking his third term of Grammar and Algebra. What think you of that for three years’ work? He is a very earnest Christian, and intends to return as a missionary to his people.”

ERRATUM.—In page 20 of our last issue, sixth line from top, for ἀγγελες περιόντες read ἀγγελοι περιόντες. On this page as well as on page 17, there are two or three accents and breathings misplaced, with the correction of which we will not trouble our readers.



## IDLE NOTES.

THE Idle Notist, this month, in composing himself comfortably to perform his usual task, finds himself in a "quandary."

He is aware that he must write something; but as this necessity logically involves a subject or subjects upon which to write, and as no such subject presents itself, you at once perceive his difficulty.

The supply of news has indeed been very limited this month; so much so that we almost feel compelled to make a news-budget of our head, and draw from our imagination the facts upon which we are to base our Idle Notes.

ALL our old college friends will be pleased to hear that the number of students, this year, considerably exceeds that of the year just past. There are at present nearly as many boarders as the College can accommodate. But what is most noticeable, in so large a number, is their fair behavior and their extraordinary application to their studies. They devour and digest logic, mathematics, and rhetoric, with a relish truly wonderful.

THE Dramatic Society—in conjunction with Professor Gramm—intend to give, shortly, a dramatic and musical entertainment in the College Theatre. The Society, we understand, have selected for their part the well known drama of "William Tell." Knowing the past efforts of the gentlemen of this Society, we have no hesitation in saying that the patriotism of Switzerland's imaginary hero—we fear we *must* say imaginary—will be well represented.

The music will be rendered by the best talent in the College, under the able supervision of Professor Gramm; and will no doubt therefore prove a most interesting feature of the evening's entertainment.

Should this first effort meet with sufficient encouragement, similar soirées will be given at frequent intervals. The proceeds will, after all expenses have been paid, be given to one or more of the Literary Societies of the College. Approving, as we cannot but do, the laudable object in view, and recognizing the trouble necessary to secure it, we feel sure that all will wish the enterprise success.

WE have been requested to correct an error in our report of the officers of the Sanctuary Society. For "Jas. F. Smith, Secretary," read "V. McClatchy, Secretary, (reëlected)," and "Jas. F. Smith, Sacristan."

LAST Thursday we had the pleasure of accompanying our class in Surveying into a field adjoining the Old Pear Orchard, where they proceeded to put into practice the theory they had acquired during two months of hard study. A procession of fourteen students, accompanied by the Professor, each carrying some instrument used in surveying, such as the transit, chains, flags, levels, etc., created no little excitement in the yard, as they wended their way to the scene of their operations. After a little delay in taking the first bearing, owing to the inexperience of some of the students in the use of the transit, everything ran on smoothly to the end.

Several little incidents, however, occurred during the survey, which at the time created some amusement. Whilst the advance party were at the fourth station, and a certain studious friend of ours from Los Angeles was looking through his instrument, a lady—hitherto unnoticed—thinking the “observation” was altogether too personal, cried out in a shrill voice, “What are you looking at me for?” Our friend who had been intensely absorbed in his instrument, and was quite innocent in his intention, has felt very nervous ever since.

We were informed that one student, noted for the diminutiveness of his person, had to be lifted up “to take a squint” as he termed it.

By this time rumors began to circulate that some refreshments were to be sent from the College in case we should feel exhausted with our exertions. Hence everyone was on the tiptoe of expectancy; especially one gentleman, noted for his great abilities at table, who labors under a natural impediment in his speech. His eyes were continually directed towards the entrance of the field. At last his perseverance was rewarded; for he saw the gate open and a wheelbarrow pass through. This sight had a wonderful effect upon him. Rushing up frantically, he not only astonished us all, but threw the transit out of bearing; all the while exclaiming excitedly, “Wet me take a wobservation! Wet me take a wobservation!!”

Arriving at the first station again, we all attacked our lunch; one of the gentlemen remarking as he did so, “We have made a good many offsets in the course of our survey, but now we will make an *onset*.” We then returned to the College; all acknowledging that they had not only been instructed, but also amused by the afternoon’s labor.

STUDENTS making purchases should glance over the index to the advertising supplement of the OWL, and patronize those by whom they themselves are patronized. The tradesmen whose names fill the pages of our advertising supplement are all good and reliable men; and will, we are satisfied, serve customers just as efficiently as any that can be found elsewhere. We think the students of Santa Clara should never forget their claim to special support. For our part, we regard the fact that this or that man advertises in the OWL as strong *prima facie* evidence in his favor.



THE following communication explains itself :—

Santa Clara College,  
September 9, 1873.

EDITORS "OWL,"—*Dear Sirs:*—I beg leave to inform you that at a meeting of the "Energetic" B.B.C., held August 10th, 1873, the following officers were elected for the present half-session:—Mr. R. Kenna, S.J., President; R. Soto, Vice President; T. Morrison, Secretary; R. Arguello, Treasurer; C. Georget, Censor; G. Taylor, Scorer; T. Morrison, Captain 1st Nine; C. Georget, Captain 2d Nine.

It is our intention to maintain the good reputation which our Club bears; and we are now ready to accept a challenge from any Club in the County.

Respectfully yours,

T. MORRISON,  
Sec. "Energetic" B.B.C.

THE "Opposition" B.B.C., the champion club of the Second Division, has also reorganized, with the following list of officers:—Mr. R. Kenna, S.J., President; V. McClatchy, Vice President; A. Pierotich, Secretary; W. Davis, Treasurer; J. Kelly, Censor; J. Barrenachea, Captain.

ABOUT a week or so ago the students had the pleasure of attending a concert at San José, given by Professors Gramm and Schemmell, who were assisted by other *artists* of talent in the vicinity. The ride to and from the concert was very pleasant, and the entertainment itself excellent and deserving of much praise. We were glad to see a very full house.

THE President has promised the students a holiday and a grand dinner whenever two-thirds of them shall obtain tickets of Good Conduct and Application.

Boys! Bear this in mind! If you do not gain the treat this month, you deserve to be haunted by the shades of all the departed turkeys whom you may have assisted, on former occasions, to devour, and who will feel keenly your unfair partiality in sparing their successors still in the flesh.

LAST "First Wednesday" we were entertained by the First Grammar Class with a feast of Analysis and Parsing, seasoned now and then with morsels from the history of the Roman Emperors.

The performance was creditable; the young gentlemen of the Second Division, especially, showing themselves proficient in the studies of their class.

THE other day we overheard a poor fellow—an inveterate "pie-eater"—mournfully soliloquising upon the degeneracy of store pies. He remarked to himself that the crust was weak and thin, and the contents mixed, and concluded by saying, "Some may like theirs *mixed*; but as for me I'll take mine *straight*—if I can get it so."

At a late meeting of the Board of Editors of the OWL, a resolution was passed, that the "Owl Association" donate a gold medal of the value of \$50, to the writer of the best original poem on some given subject. This medal will form one of the Extra Prizes to be given at Commencement.

We offer the above resolution to our readers as an earnest and sample of that increased "wisdom" on the part of the OWL which we ventured last month, to hope might accompany its increased beauty. We are happy to say that our financial condition is prosperous—(though it would be more so, we are free to confess, if all our friends would pay us our dues)—and we think therefore that we cannot do better than expend some portion of our surplus in a manner which will promote that "mental improvement" of the students to which the OWL itself is "devoted."

Recollect, boys, that the more subscribers you procure for us, the better will you enable us to continue this policy another year; which, if we end this session also with a sufficient surplus, we shall certainly do.

GEO. H. ROUNDEY, has been elected Stage Manager of the Junior Dramatic Society.

LAST "First Thursday" we were agreeably surprised at the lively aspect of our neighboring city of San José. It being the week of the Annual County Fair, the city was literally flooded with visitors from all parts of the State. The Alameda was thronged with all kinds of conveyances containing strangers who were admiring our beautiful valley; whilst the excited crowds attending the races were almost calculated to give one an idea in miniature of the English "Derby."

The display at the Agricultural Hall gave a fair specimen of the produce, art and manufactures of the County. In short the fair was quite a success, and was allowed by all to be the most satisfactory ever given in San José.

WE perceived our mightiest nimrod the other day with a gun in his hand, which he had apparently just received from home. The ill-luck of our hunters became proverbial last winter; but it is to be hoped that such will not be the case this season. May there be plenty of game for them in "the happy hunting grounds" of Alviso! May the reports of their guns be always followed by the heavy thud of falling game as it strikes the earth! And may the intended game never receive tidings of their approach, so as to send the baffled hunters home, mournfully singing the popular College refrain of

"The ducks flew over the water,  
The ducks flew over the water,  
To see what they could see!"

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## PERSONAL ITEMS.

John L. Carrigan, of '73, has gone to New York. We understand that he meditates a speedy departure to Germany; where he will take up the study of Mining Engineering. He may be assured that the well wishes of all the "old boys" will follow him; and more especially, let us add, of those connected with the OWL, since he occupied a position on our editorial staff last year.

A. O. Arguello, of '73, is standing, like a young eagle, on the edge of the parental nest, his eye fixed on the sun of greatness, considering to what point he will direct his flight. We have heard that surveying bids fair to be the chosen field, and we have no doubt that should the gentleman enter it he will succeed.

R. F. del Valle, of '73, is studying law in San Francisco.

Franklin McCusker, of '73, has also taken up the same study. He is located in San José; and we are frequently favored by visits from the gentleman. He looks bright and hearty; and if we may judge from his outward appearance, the profession agrees with him.

J. S. Kennedy, of '72, is at present connected with the San Francisco Mint, in the capacity of Chemist. We may safely vouch for the fact that Jim is doing well. Long ago, when we were together in the class of chemistry, we remarked the knowing air with which he handled pestle and pronounced on the constituents of the unknown body. Even then we saw the sun of his greatness shining. Sail on, young Faraday, and astonish the world!

Mr. Jos. Poujade, our ex-Editor-General, is at present engaged on the staff of the *Pioche Daily Record*. Literature is certainly the pursuit for which this gentleman is best qualified; and consequently we feel assured that he is "the right man in the right place."

R. R. Smith, of musical fame, has, we have been told, entered the State University.

B. L. Burling, of '72, has gone on a visit to the East. Some days since, we were told, he went on a hunting expedition somewhere in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., and remained stuck in a bog for quite a considerable time. We assure him of our deep sympathy. Better come home, Benjie.

D. G. Sullivan, of '72, is deep in the mysteries of farming. We saw him the other day, bearded like a pard, and full of —— business.

## TABLE OF HONOR

*Credits for the month of August as read on Wednesday, Sept. 3d 1873.*

## MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

J. Burling 80, A. Veuve 75, W. Veuve 75, W. S. Hereford 70.

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

B. Brisac 80, J. Burling 90, J. Dunne 75, W. Hereford 82, V. McClatchy 90, B. Smith 86, J. Walsh 85, L. Winston 70.

## ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

V. McClatchy 70.

## ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

J. Burling 95, B. Smith 87, N. Brisac 86, L. Pinard 70.

## MATHEMATICS

1st Class—A. Veuve 80, V. McClatchy 75, C. Ebner 70.

2d Class—B. Smith 100, B. Brisac 95, L. Winston 95, H. Peyton 95, W. Howard 95, W. Hereford 90, T. Morrison 90, T. Tully 90, J. Burling 80, Alex. Bell 75, James Dunne 70, W. Gray 95, Jas. Walsh 95.

3d Class—D. Berta 95, J. Callaghan 98, V. Clement 95, T. Durbin 90, G. Gray 98, Jas. Hermann 98, C. McClatchy 95, L. Palmer 75, L. Partridge 70, G. Roundey 98, N. Robles 75, R. Soto 100, B. Yorba 95.

## GREEK.

2d Class—W. Gray 70, H. Peyton 70.

4th Class—C. Ebner 80, R. Soto 77.

5th Class—L. Partridge 90, J. Callaghan 90, J. Smith 90, W. Howard 90, J. Kelly 80

## LATIN.

2d Class—W. Gray 70, T. Morrison 70, H. Peyton 70, L. Winston 70.

3d Class—R. Soto 100.

4th Class—B. Yorba 70.

5th Class—J. Callaghan 100, J. Bernal 90, T. Tully 85, W. Shofield 85, C. McClatchy 85, X. Yorba 80, F. Chavez 70, J. Machado 70.

## RHETORIC.

1st Class—N. F. Brisac 80, D. Furlong 70, C. McClatchy 81, T. Morrison 74, B. Smith 88, L. Winston 70.

2d Class—B. Brisac 72, J. Callaghan 72, W. Gray 78, L. Partridge 75, R. Soto 73, T. Tully 70, J. Walsh 84, B. Yorba 70.



## GRAMMAR.

- 1st Class—J. Aguirre 70, R. Arguello 70, J. Barrenechea 72, W. Davis 75, J. Enright 70, R. Enright 74, Alf. Foley 70, W. Furman 72, C. Georget 70, G. Gray 71, J. Kelly 70, P. Mallon 73, A. McCone 70, J. McKinnon 70, G. Norris 72, A. Pierotich 71, N. Robles 70, Jas Smith 74, Jos Smith 74, O. Oreña 70, V. Clement 70, W. Smith 72, W. Sears 70, H. Hughes 70, J. Day 70.
- 2d Class—H. Freudenthal 70, G. Hopkins 70, C. Miles 70, J. Moss 70, J. Sanroman 78, W. Schofield 80, R. Sheridan 82, C. Quilty 86, C. Welti 70.
- 3d Class—R. De la Vega 70, J. Harvey 80, J. Olcese 70, A. Pacheco 70, E. Pierson 70, E. Stanton 80, V. Versalovich 70, X. Yorba 90, Alf Young 80, J. Donahue 70, F. Hauck 75, P. Hill 80, C. Moore 80, D. Jones 70, E. Auzerais 85, G. Barron 70, P. Murphy 70, T. Dowel 90.
- 4th Class—J. Boyter 72, J. Cima 74, D. Casey 80, H. Farmer 80, J. Murphy 75, L. Souc 74, Ed Welti 70.

## FRENCH.

- 1st Class—B. Brisac 73, G. Norris 70, J. Perrier 72.
- 2d Class—R. Soto 90, J. Bernal 82.
- 3d Class—J. R. Arguello 80, F. Burling 79, J. Callaghan 95, W. Davis 80, G. Gray 70, W. Gray 100, F. Lacoste 99.

## SPANISH.

- 3d Class—C. Georget 90, A. Pacheco 90, L. Partridge 90.

## GERMAN.

- J. Auzerais 70, J. Barrenechea 70, C. Ebner 80, F. Ebner 85, L. Pruzzo 70, X. Yorba 70, V. McClatchy 90.

## ARITHMETIC.

- 1st Class—H. Bowie 73, J. Cavagnaro 70, W. Davis 70, R. Enright 75, J. Enright 90, D. Kidd 70, R. Kifer 70, P. Mallon 90, J. Moss 70, G. Norris 80, L. Pruzzo 70, C. Quilty 82, W. Randall 70, J. Sanroman 70, Jas Smith 82, Jos Smith 70, R. Spence 73, J. Aguirre 71, F. Scully 73, J. Kelly 70, Alph. Den 70, C. Stonesifer 85.
- 2d Class—E. Auzerais 97, F. Chavez 70, T. Dowell 70, H. Freudenthal 80, W. Furman 90, W. Harrison 70, W. Schofield 90, W. Sears 70, R. Sheridan 96, E. Stanton 70, X. Yorba 80, F. Cleaves 97, J. Day 70, G. Trenouth 70, C. Welti 70, C. Georget 70.
- 3d Class—J. Olcese 100, L. Vella 95, V. Versalovich 90, G. Markham 90, J. Meyers 70, R. Brenham 70.

## BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—A. Rell 90, A. McCone 100, J. Kelly 80, A. Pierotich 70, C. Ebner 100, T. Morrison 100, T. Durbin 100, H. Bowie 85, B. Smith 100, G. Roundey 100, J. Cavagnaro 80, B. Yorba 100, L. Winston 100, H. Martin 90.
- 2d Class—E. Auzerais 90, W. Davis 80, R. Enright 90, D. Kidd 90, R. Kifer 80, C. McClatchy 85, Jas Smith 90, L. Partridge 70, C. Welti 70, R. Wallace 70, L. Wolter 70, X. Yorba 75.
- 3d Class—J. R. Arguello 73, J. De la Cruz 70, H. Freudenthal 78, J. Moss 90, L. Pruzzo 71, W. Randall 70, R. Spence 82, F. Cleaves 98, C. Quilty 80.

## READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class—H. Freudenthal 70, W. Harrison 70, J. Moss 76, A. Muller 80, P. Murphy 70, A. Pierotich 73, N. Robles 70, J. Sanroman 70, F. Scully 70, Jos Smith 75, C. Stanton 71, F. Cleaves 73, J. Day 70, F. Farmer 70, C. Welty 72, —Hughes 70, T. Dowell 70, L. Wolter 70,
- 2d Class—E. Auzerals 70, R. De la Vega 90, J. Harvey 70, J. Hopkins 80, G. Markham 75, McKinnon 95, J. Meyers 70, E. Pierson 70, W. Sears 75, R. Sheridan 90, J. Boyter 70, J. Donahue 70, H. Farmer 80, G. Murphy 75, W. Davis 100.
- 3d Class—J. Cerini 73, J. Cima 70, W. Gilbert 80, D. Jones 75, E. Lamolle 70, R. Remus 77, L. Souc 98, H. Thomson 85, J. Byron 78, C. Enright 90, C. Gutierrez 82, F. Shafer 95, M. Ylisaliturri 73, W. Trenough 84.

## ELOCUTION

- 1st Class—N. Brisac 70, D. Furlong 100, T. Morrison 71.
- 2d Class—A. Bell 70, J. Callaghan 70, L. Palmer 70, R. Wallace 70, B. Yorba 70.
- 4th Class—J. Gambill 70, J. Moss 70, W. Schofield 90, C. Welti 70.
- 5th Class—D. Harvey 80, J. Hayes 70, F. Hauck 70, J. Hopkins 70, E. Pierson 70, E. Stanton 75, X. Yorba 70, A. Muller 70.

## PENMANSHIP.

- 1st Class—J. R. Arguello 73, J. Bernal 72, A. Foley 71, J. Machado 71, V. McClatchy 73, J. Norris 73, R. Remus 75, R. De la Vega 75.
- 2d Class—E. Auzerals 72, C. Arguello 72, J. Chretien 70, H. Christin 70, W. Furman 71, R. Kifer 73, G. Markham 70, G. Roundey 70, C. Stonesifer 73, W. Schofield 72, G. Trenought 70, V. Vidaurreta 73, C. Welti 70.
- 3d Class—G. Barron 73, F. Farmer 73, D. Jones 72, L. Pruzzo 73, A. Pacheco 72, A. Sperce 71, F. Shafer 70, E. Welti 70.

## DRAWING.

- A. Arriola 70, H. Bowie 90, A. Bowie 70, C. McClatchy 70, P. Mallon 80, A. Pierotich 100, R. Remus 90, J. Sanroman 70, G. Seifert 70.

## PIANO.

- H. Bowie 80, C. Ebner 80, W. Randall 75, V. Vidaurreta 75, W. Gray 75.

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
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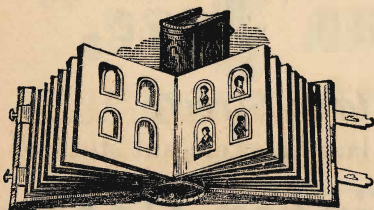
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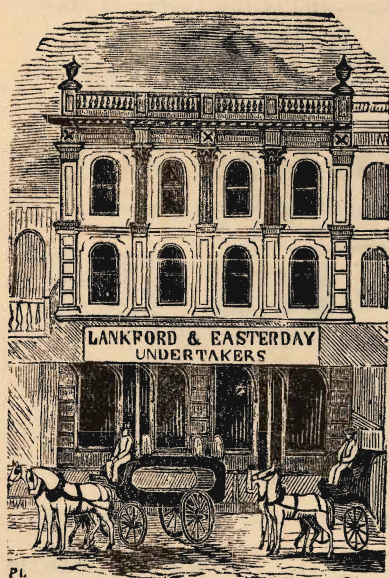
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